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FURST

Lincoln





Class 54

Book 7

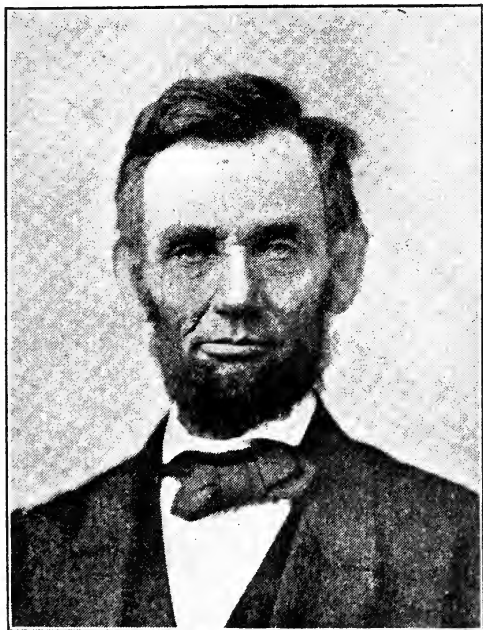




SOUVENIR PROGRAM

LINCOLN DAY

FEBRUARY 12, 19__



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**There's a name that brings a picture
Of a man great-souled and grand;
One whose deeds on History's pages
Carved in bold relief shall stand.**

—S. M. BEST.

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By

S. W. FURST.


This Program and Booklet will be kept in stock by the publishers. Prices for small and large quantities will be furnished on application. Orders can be filled at all seasons of the year. Correspondence solicited.

THE PUBLISHERS.

SOUVENIR PROGRAM
FOR
LINCOLN DAY
AND
CHOICE SELECTIONS FOR
THE OCCASION.

Designed as an Aid to Teachers, Organizations, Societies, Etc., for the Observance of Lincoln Day, but more especially as a Keepsake for the Boys and Girls of America, by means of which in their leisure moments at home they may study and enjoy some facts about "the best loved American."

COMPILED
BY
S. W. FURST,
Author of "Mensuration," "Outlines of Civil Government,"
Etc.


PUBLISHED BY
SOUVENIR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA

Suggestive Program for Lincoln Day.

February 12, 19____

____ School.

____ Building.

____ Grade.

1. *Singing* By School
 "America," or "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or
 "Your Mission (Lincoln's favorite hymn).
2. *Flag Salute*, if desired, (in this book)
 By School or by a Class
3. *Quotations* — (in this book)
 By a few pupils or by a number
4. *Principles that Made Lincoln Great* — (in this book)
 By a few pupils or by a number
5. *Reading* — (in this book) Select one or more.
 (a) "Early History of Lincoln."
 (b) "The Bible on the Tongue of Lincoln."
 (c) "Extract from Henry Watterson's Lecture."
6. "Peculiar Facts about Lincoln" — (in this book)
 By a few pupils or by a number
7. *Singing* — a. (Special) By soloist or quartette, if desired, or
 b. A second selection by the school from point 1.
8. *Address or Paper* — (Special)
 If desired, preferably by an "old soldier"
9. *Miscellaneous* — (in this book) By one or more pupils
 (a) "What the Great Say of One Greater."
 (b) "Short Quotations from Lincoln."
 (c) "Lincoln Stories."
10. *Recitation* — (in this book). Select one or more.
 (a) "Tribute from an English Writer."
 (b) "O Captain! My Captain!"
 (c) "When Lincoln Died."
 (d) "Lincoln" (if not preferred as a song).
 (e) "Gettysburg Address" (in concert if desired).
 (f) "Tribute from Lowell."
 (g) "Tribute from Bryant."
11. *Singing* — "Lincoln" (in this book) or another selection
 By a few pupils or by a number

NOTE TO TEACHERS. — By selection the above can be adapted to all grades. For primary grades, select chiefly from numbers 1, 2, 3, 6, and 9, and teacher read other parts; for intermediate grades, add something from numbers 4, 5, and 10; for the higher grades select the more advanced matter throughout.

Words to Know When Reading About Lincoln

Do they apply to all great men? Study them: try to apply them to Lincoln and his acts.

Strength—mind—heart—will—justice—mercy—logic—wisdom—humor—firmness—honesty—simplicity—kindness—courtesy—charity—naturalness—statesmanship—diplomacy—knowledge—diction—oratory—liberality—sympathy—steadfastness—leadership—bravery—gentleness—emancipator—martyr—savior—tender-heartedness—patience—poverty—sadness—hardship—loving—compassion—immortal.

What the Great Say of One Greater

His name was as the name of an angel of God.—*Beecher.*

He was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew.—*U. S. Grant.*

In his character Lincoln was through and through an American.—*Bancroft.*

Lincoln is the honestest man I ever knew.—*Stephen A. Douglas.*

He is the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.—*Edwin M. Stanton.*

He was a man made and moulded by Divine Power to save a Nation.—*Wm. H. Seward.*

Mr. Lincoln is the only white man with whom I have ever talked, or in whose presence I have ever been, who did not consciously or unconsciously betray to me that he recognized my color.—*Fred. Douglas.*

He will hold a place in the world's history loftier than that of any king or conqueror.—*Wm. T. Sherman.*

Short Quotations from Lincoln

Never regret what you don't write.

Calling a sheep's tale a leg doesn't make it so.

When you can't remove an obstacle, plough around it.

A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major-general.

I am like the boy that stumped his toe: hurt too much to laugh and too big to cry.

For those that like this kind of book, this is the kind of book they will like.

Early History of Lincoln

In speaking of his boyhood Lincoln once remarked : My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Gray's Elegy : "The short and simple annals of the poor."

At the request of a friend he wrote the following simple sketch of his early life :

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Ky. My parents were born in Virginia, of undistinguishable families—second families perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom reside in Adams, and others in Macon counties, Ill.

My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Va., to Kentucky, about 1781 or '82, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pa. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He moved from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the States came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin'," "writin'," and "cipherin'," to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was

absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education.

Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I would read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-two I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than I have had since. I went through the campaign, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this Legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the Lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said, I am, in height, six feet four inches nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Some of the Literary Productions by Lincoln and About Him

The Gettysburg Address.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

Parts of the first and second Inaugural Addresses.

Lincoln's Birthday.—*David Suing.*

Abraham Lincoln.—*Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

Greatness of His Simplicity.—*H. A. Delano.*

Oh Captain! My Captain!—*Walt Whitman.*

Lincoln, The Tender-Hearted.—*H. W. Bolton.*

Majesty in His Individuality.—*J. P. Newman.*

His Character and His Destiny.—*F. M. Bristol.*

Lincoln as Cavalier and Puritan.—*H. W. Grady.*

Lincoln, The Martyr Chief.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Abraham Lincoln.—*Tom Taylor* (In London Punch).

The Bible on the Tongue of Lincoln.—The writer, the Rev. George T. Lemmon, shows what a surprising number of biblical quotations, illustrations, and figures of speech appear in Mr. Lincoln's addresses, state papers, and private conversation. The very style of the man is marked by the spirit and forms of sacred writ. It was Lincoln's study of this literature that prepared him to appreciate the age in which he lived, and to set forth, as he did, the justice, the righteousness of the God he served. It was not an accident that he who had to play the part of Moses in his deliverance of a race from Egyptian bondage had in his boyhood steeped his soul in the story of the great Moses of Egypt and Arabia. Mr. Lemmon, who attributes Mr. Lincoln's exceptional facility and effectiveness in the use of English to his familiarity with the English Bible, says: "This is the man who, proclaimed a boor by his foes, apologized for as a lucky illiterate by many of his friends, and even today reckoned by many as sadly deficient in culture, in less than three years from that farewell to his neighbors, by a few hours' labor and by three minutes' utterance, gave to the world that Gettysburg dedication which Emerson, Lowell, and Victor Hugo unite in declaring to be one of the three masterpieces of human speech in the history of the race."

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(Dedication of the National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.)

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Let us take him simply as Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary, as we all see that he was; let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes, not worrying ourselves about the proportion which it may bear to other niches; and there let him remain forever, lonely, as in his strange lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured.

—*Morse.*

Peculiar Facts About Lincoln

Lincoln was 6 feet 4 inches tall, a fact of which he was immensely proud. Washington was 6 feet 2 inches tall, Grant 5 feet 10 inches, Napoleon 5 feet 2 inches, Nelson 5 feet 4 inches.

He was swarthy as an Indian, with wiry jet black hair not easily amenable to the comb.

His eyes were bright, keen, and a luminous gray in color, though his eyebrows were black like his hair.

His face was almost grotesquely rough and square—lantern-jawed, he called himself.

During the latter part of his life Lincoln had a rough black beard. He said he let it grow to "cover up his homely features."

His figure was gaunt, slender and slightly bent.

He had very large feet and wore a No. 11 boot on his left foot and a No. 11½ on the right foot.

His laugh was delightful—a big musical tenor.

His clothes were usually black, always loose-fitting, and often in need of pressing.

When a lawyer in Illinois, Lincoln wore a brown, faded hat, with the nap rubbed off.

For his short cloak he sometimes substituted a shawl.

In traveling he never complained of food, bed, or lodging.

He carried a faded green umbrella, with "A. Lincoln" in large white cotton letters sewed on the outside.

He was always bashful with women and never particularly cared for their society.

His kindness was such that he could never refuse a polite request—where no principle was involved.

It was his habit always to read aloud, so that he might "remember it better."

He was not a good listener, but was most at his ease when telling his own stories.

The vein of superstition in him never died out. He even related dreams and portents presaging his own assassination.

He loved his children and was idolized by them.

He was unmethodical and had no love of detail.

Quotations on Lincoln

"A pilot brave."

"Single in heart."

"Without a peer."

"He was natural."

"Liberal in speech."

"Lincoln was not a type."

"He was patient as destiny."

"The majesty of moral might."

"His story halos humble birth."

"He made it popular to be natural."

"The honor of a nation's youth,

"The wit of plain and homely truth."

"His words were candid as mirrors."

"His honest face had power to charm."

"The highest type of manhood's power."

"He taught the land to watch and wait."

"A genius stamped with sterling worth."

"He watched the hour to speak and save."

"No one had keener wit or kinder humor."

"He is the gentlest memory of our world."

"In illustration apt, in application perfect."

"He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural."

"He had no ancestors, no fellows, no successors."

"He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong."

"He was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war."

"He had the unconscious naturalness of nature's self."

"He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction."

"He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows."

"He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes."

"He had that awkwardness that is the perfect grace of modesty."

"Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man."

A Tribute from an English Writer

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil, wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face;
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?
Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen:—
To make me own this man of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.
My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.
How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.
He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace com-
mand.
So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting nights.
So he grew up, a destined work to do
And he lived to do it—four long-suffering years
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.
—Tom Taylor (*Mark Lemon*) in *London Punch*.

NOTE.—"Tom Taylor" caricatured Lincoln unmercifully in *London Punch*. Later, ashamed of his injustice, in penitence he published the poem of which the above is an extract. It was a manly act, but we fear he carried in memory his sorrow to the grave. This poem was published in *London Punch* upon receipt of the news of his assassination.

O Captain ! My Captain !

O Captain ! My Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-
ulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,
While on the deck the Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! My Captain ! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the
shores a-crowding;

For you they call—the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning:

Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done.

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

When Lincoln Died

When Lincoln died, a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.
The North her leader lost ; the South her friend ;
The nation lost its savior ; and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
O, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth,
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed
That each upheld the other. He was firm;
And yet was kind, as tender as a child,
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
His power was almost limitless, and yet,
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter-loving, still
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man;
A God-like love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that love,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a type was lost to men,
The earth has had her conquerors and kings
And many of the common great. Through all
She had only one Lincoln. There are none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was the growth of our new soil ; the child
Of our new time ; he was American ;
Was of the people, from the lowest rank.
And yet he scaled with ease the heightest heights.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence,
For he appeared as one sent for work,
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned
home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty;
And when the shackles fell, the land was saved,
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory, sent from heaven, covered him,
When Lincoln died.

—J. A. Edgerton.

FLAG SALUTE

We give our heads, and our hearts, to God and our country ;

One country, one language, one FLAG !

[Pupils to make proper gestures when reciting the salute.]

Tribute on Lincoln from Lowell

[An extract from the Commemoration Ode read at Harvard College, July 21, 1865, by James Russell Lowell.]

Here was a type of the true elder race.
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Tribute on Lincoln from Bryant

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.
In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.
Thy task is done—the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.
Pure was thy life ; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

Extract from Henry Watterson's Lecture

"From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the white house to the hour he went thence to his tragic death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates. The idea that he was overmatched at any time by anybody is contradicted by all that actually happened.

"One thinks now that the world in which Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle—so upright in nature and so broad of mind—so sunny and so tolerant in temper—so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rugged exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that—

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring—

that, though he was a party leader, he was a typical and patriotic American, in whom even his enemies might have found something to respect and admire. But it could not be so. He committed one grievous offense—he dared to think and he was not afraid to speak; he was ahead of his party, ahead of his time, and men are slow to forgive what they cannot understand.

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or required; without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with him such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God; for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln."

LINCOLN STORIES

A Characteristic Letter.

Executive Mansion, October 17, 1861.

Major Ramsey:

My Dear Sir:—The lady—the bearer—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it, if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged.

A. LINCOLN.

A Midnight Pardon.

A congressman tried hard to have Secretary Stanton pardon a friend about to be shot. He failed. At midnight he burst into the President's bedroom at the White House, exclaiming: "This man must not be shot, Mr. Lincoln. I cannot allow him to be shot!"

"Well," said the President in reply, "I do not believe shooting will do him any good. Give me a pen." And so the pardon was granted.

Passes to Richmond.

A gentleman called upon the President and solicited a pass to Richmond.

"Well," said the President, "I would be happy to oblige if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, within the past two years, I have given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

He Had Lost Only One Leg.

A gentleman visiting a hospital in Washington heard an occupant of one of the beds laughing and talking about the President. He seemed to be in such good spirits that the gentleman remarked:

"You must be very slightly wounded."

"Yes," said the brave fellow, "very slightly—I have lost only one leg."

A Strong Whig.

"A year or two after Tyler's accession to the presidency," said Lincoln, "Bob Tyler asked the president of a railroad for a special train for the accommodation of his father. The railroad president, who was a strong Whig, refused.

"What!" said Bob, "did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?"

"Yes," replied the railroad president, "and if you will only bring your father here in that shape you shall have the best train on the road."

LINCOLN

BY S. W. FURST.

[Written on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln.]

TUNE—"HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

OR

"THE AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN."

Born amid the Western wildwood, reared in poverty and toil,
Schooled by self and Nature only, drawing from his country's soil
Knowledge, power, and religion, strength his destiny to face,—
Lincoln, kindly, loving, gentle, stands the greatest of his race.

Born as lowly as the Christ-child, like Him martyr for his kind,
Can there be another Lincoln, can we such another find?

"Never," seems to come the answer, sounding down the Halls of
Time,

"Lincoln, greatest of Immortals, shall remain a name sublime."

Wise beyond all human wisdom, meekest in his greatest deed,
Giving all to aid his country in her bitter time of need;
For his kindness, for his candor, for his charity to all,
Ever shall our land revere him, yea, until the heavens fall!

As the leader of the nation in the fiercest of her strife
Bore he burdens of the millions, and he saved our country's life:
When, with purpose strong and lofty, wiped he slavery from our
name,

From that instant he was given an immortal crown of fame.

Sympathetic beyond measure, and, with all his countless cares,
Giving heed to each petition, small as well as great affairs;
Ever ready with assistance, helpful word or kindly deed—
LINCOLN THE EMANCIPATOR of his fellows in their need.

Years have passed since he was taken, since that day of darkest
gloom.

Yet, with future generations, we lay flowers on his tomb,
Thinking of the martyr-hero, honoring the god-sent man
Who, unfalt'ring, could his mission for his country's future scan.

Now a hundred years since Lincoln came to cleanse his country's
name,—

Time has but increased his stature, years but added to his fame.
Martyred Lincoln, the immortal, hero of heroic past,
Now is crowned with wreaths of glory, and shall live while time
shall last!

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

2 13-14



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

And the Principles That Made Him Great.

This Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free.

You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to independence and enterprise.

If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

As a nation of freeman we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

Versatility is an injurious possession since it can never be greatness.

Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.

If any should be slaves, it should be, first, those who desire it for themselves, and, secondly, those who desire it for others,

Often a limb must be amputated to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb.

A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or the Government must be destroyed.

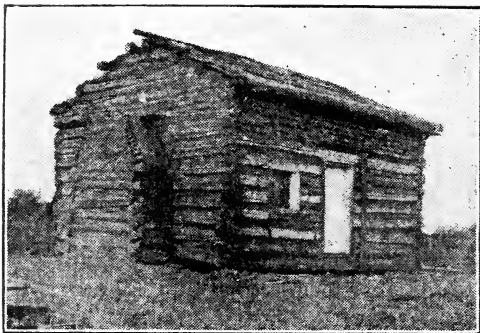
We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.

As soon as the business of this war is settled the Indians shall have my first attention, and I will not rest until they shall have justice.

DEC 24 1918



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN

*'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln
Calls these pictures from the past,
And that name with the immortals
Shall endure while earth shall last.*

—BEST.

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